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The Simpsons

"THE BOY WHO KNEW TOO MUCH"

Written by

John Swartzwelder

Created by
Matt Groening

Developed by
James L. Brooks
Matt Groening
Sam Simon

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20TH CENTURY FOX TELEVISION
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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MORNING

BART and LISA come out of the house with their lunchboxes. It's a spectacularly nice day.

BART

(MOANS) How can they imprison kids in school on a beautiful day like this?

LISA

They're not "imprisoning us," Bart.

They're...

The school bus **SCREECHES** to a halt in front of them. It's a prison bus, with bars on the windows and "Springfield Prison" stenciled on the side. Gaunt faces peer out the windows.

INT. PRISON BUS

Bart enters and looks around.

BART

(CONFUSED) A prison bus, Otto?

OTTO

The regular school bus broke down, so take a seat before I blow your heads off.

LISA

(SHOCKED) Otto!

OTTO

Oh, sorry. This bus and I have sort of
a "Shining" thing goin' on.

INT. PRISON BUS - A LITTLE LATER

All the KIDS are subdued. One is playing a **HARMONICA**.
Another is **RATTLING** his lunchbox against the bars on his
window.

ON BART

He peers out the window. The approaching school looks
grimmer by the minute. Bart sees the cheerful-looking
Springfield River and **MOANS** longingly.

BART'S FANTASY

He is cruising down the river with **HUCK FINN** and, for some
reason, **ABRAHAM LINCOLN**.

BART

(DEEP BREATH) Ah! This is what being a
kid is all about. (LOW) Hey, Huck.
What's (SPELLING IT) L-I-N-C-O-N doing
here?

HUCK

I dunno. It's your fantasy.

BART

(TO LINCOLN) Hi, Abe.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(NODS PLEASANTLY) Hello, Bart.

INT. SCHOOL - BART'S CLASSROOM

All the kids look uncomfortable in their new straight-
backed chairs. Bart **MOANS** in pain.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Well, children, our new ultra-hard
Posturific chairs have arrived.
They've been designed by eminent
posturologists to eliminate slouching
by the year 3000.

MARTIN raises his hand.

MARTIN

Ms. Krabappel, I'm having back spasms.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(CHUCKLES) I know they seem a little
uncomfortable right now, but eventually
your bones will change shape.

The left side of Milhouse's face and body are drooping.

MILHOUSE

(RAISING HIS HAND) I've lost all
feeling in the left side of my body.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Yeah, yeah. Now, unfortunately, our
school clocks have been running fast
all semester. So today we all have to
stay two extra hours to make up for the
time we've lost. Ha!

The class GROANS.

ON BART LOOKING GUILTY

He glances down at a "Li'l Bastard Clock-Tampering Kit." Bart looks out the window. It's wonderful out there-- flowers blossoming, animals frolicking, and a rainbow in the sky. Quimby's 18-year-old nephew, FREDDY, drives by in a convertible with stereo BLARING, a GORGEOUS BABE beside him, and golf clubs and a surfboard in the back seat.

FREDDY

And to think I got all this without an education! Ha, ha!

BART

That does it. I'm outta here.

He pulls out a piece of paper and hastily scribbles a note. He walks up to Mrs. Krabappel.

BART (CONT'D)

Mrs. Krabappel, here's a note from my mother.

She takes the note and looks at it suspiciously.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Haven't you gone to the dentist several times already this year?

BART

Hey, I've got more tartar than your average dog. My mom's number is on there if you want to check up on me.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(SLYLY) That's okay, Bart. I trust you.

INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE

Krabappel shows SKINNER Bart's note.

SKINNER

(READING) "Please excuse my
handwriting. I busted whichever hand
it is I write with. Signed, Mrs.
Simpson." You were right to be
suspicious, Edna. (GRIMLY) To the
crime lab.

INT. SCHOOL CRIME LAB

The crime lab is full of outdated equipment. Skinner takes
a punchcard out of a huge machine and looks at it.

SKINNER

(DISAPPOINTED) Hmm, inconclusive.

Skinner looks up at a large map of Springfield on the wall.
A single light blinks. Skinner holds up a small electronic
device.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

(SIGHS) I wish more students had agreed
to these electronic tracking implants.
We only had one volunteer.

INT. SCHOOL - BART'S CLASS

Martin has an implant sticking out of his temple. It's
blinking and BEEPING quietly.

INT. SCHOOL - SKINNER'S OFFICE

Lisa is being interrogated by Skinner and GROUNDSKEEPER
WILLIE. She looks amused.

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE

Spill it! Where's yer brither?

SKINNER

You'd better answer him, Lisa. He's a
bad man.

Lisa GIGGLES.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

What are you laughing about?

LISA

You started off as the bad cop. But
now you're the good one. You and
Willie got mixed up about ten minutes
ago.

SKINNER

We did not! Now where's Bart? You
better tell me!

GROUNDSDKEEPER WILLIE

Ach. You'd better tell him, lassie. I
canna control him when he gets like
this.

LISA

(LAUGHING) Now you're the good cop.

GROUNDSDKEEPER WILLIE

(STARTLED) Whut?

EXT. RIVERBANK

Bart reclines against a tree, a stalk of grass in his
teeth, a hat tipped over his eyes, and a fishing line tied
to his big toe.

BART

Ah, the joys of mortgaging your future.

In the distance Bart sees a raft with Huck Finn and Abraham Lincoln.

BART (CONT'D)

(GASP) My fantasy's come true.

The raft gets closer and we see Abe and Huck are actually a couple of weird-looking drifters whose tattered garb only resembles Huck and Lincoln. They have wild looks in their eyes.

LINCOLN HOBO

(SINISTER) Hey kid. Wanna see a dead
body?

Bart **SCREAMS** and runs away dragging a flopping fish on his fishing line behind him.

INT. SOMEWHERE

SKINNER

If I were a truant boy out for a good
time I'd be right here. The
Springfield Natural History Museum.

WIDEN to see Skinner is standing next to a display of
crappy-looking birds in a dreary-looking habitat.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

(CHUCKLING) You're mine, Simpson.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD GOOGOL-PLEX

Bart is buying a ticket for an R-rated movie. The **TICKET
SELLER** is looking suspicious.

BART

If I was under 18 I'd be in school,
right?

TICKET SELLER

Yeah, I guess you're right. (GIVING
HIM A TICKET) Enjoy "Booborama," sir.

EXT. OLD ABANDONED MALT SHOP

Skinner is standing in front of a dilapidated building full of cobwebs and faded signs advertising "Moxie."

SKINNER

Why, there are no children here either!

Am I so out of touch? (CONSIDERS THIS)

No. It's the children who are wrong.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE

An AUCTIONEER stands in front of a painting.

AUCTIONEER

Sold to the small man with the runny
nose for 2.3 million.

Bart **LAUGHS** and runs out. After a beat, the auctioneer looks at a tall GRAY-HAIRED GENTLEMAN.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

(CLEARS THROAT) Our next highest bid,
uh I believe, was yours sir? For 2.1
million?

The gray-haired gentleman **LAUGHS** and runs out.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

Yes, were there any serious bids for
this painting?

Everyone slowly shakes their heads.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD STREET

Bart is walking down the street jauntily. HOMER approaches from the opposite direction. From a block away, they see each other. They both **GASP** and duck into doorways.

BART

(TO HIMSELF) Can't let Dad see me
playing hooky.

HOMER

(TO HIMSELF) I can't let the boy see me
skipping work.

Bart reemerges with his hair combed forward, Moe
Howard-esque. Homer is holding a comb up to his face like a
mustache. They pass each other warily.

BART

Good afternoon.

HOMER

How do you do, sir?

They hurry off in opposite directions, **CHUCKLING**.

BART & HOMER

Sucker.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD STREET

Skinner is walking along the sidewalk, searching for Bart.
Suddenly he notices a big blob of something on the
sidewalk.

SKINNER

(GASP) A spoor!

He kneels down and touches the blob with his finger. Then
he puts his finger to his mouth.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

(TASTING) Hmm. His brand of gum--
Doublemint. Trying to double your fun,
eh, Bart? Well, I'll double your
detention. (DRY CHUCKLE) I wish
someone was around to hear that.

(STANDING UP, OMINOUS) And so we enter
end game.

Skinner walks mechanically off, focused on Bart's trail a
la Yul Brenner in "Westworld." We hear Ominous **TRACKING
MUSIC** from the film.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD STREET

Bart steps out of an ice cream parlor, eating a large cone.
He sees Skinner down the block coming toward him.

BART

Aye carumba!

Bart dashes the other way and around the corner before
Skinner sees him. He peeks back around. Skinner, sensing
the trail is fresh, increases his pace.

EXT. FIELD

Bart is running and **PANTING**. He comes to a deep river. He
runs across a rope bridge and cuts the bridge behind him
with his penknife.

BART

(EVIL CHUCKLE) Let's see him track me
now.

Bart hides behind a tree and watches. Skinner reaches the
bank of the river, pauses for a moment, then walks straight
into the river. Skinner completely disappears into the
water, leaving no bubbles. After a very long beat, he
reemerges at the other side of the river, soaking wet, but
otherwise undaunted.

BART

Oh, my god, he's like some sort of
(SEARCHING) non... giving up... school
guy. (THEN, DISAPPOINTED) I'll never
be a writer.

Bart sprints off as fast as he can. Skinner quickens his determined pace and begins gaining on Bart.

EXT. DESOLATE ROAD - LATER

Bart is out of breath. Exhausted, he comes to a road at the top of a hill. There is nowhere left to run. He hides pathetically behind a tiny rock.

ANGLE ON SKINNER

Reaching the top of the hill.

SKINNER

Oh, he's close. I can taste his fear.

(BODY SNATCHERS' WAIL)

Skinner lunges behind the rock. It's empty.

SKINNER

What the...?

ANGLE ON RED CONVERTIBLE

The same one we saw earlier. We see Bart crouched down hiding in the back seat, under a blanket.

BART'S POV

Skinner recedes into the distance.

BART

(CHUCKLES)

GIRL

Freddy honey, I think something just
dropped into the back seat.

FREDDY

(KENNEDY ACCENT) I'm not paying you to
talk.

EXT. QUIMBY COMPOUND

SCENE 5

The convertible **ROARS** through a giant, ornate gate. Wrought iron spells "QUIMBY COMPOUND." Another sign reads: "Thursday is Ladies' Night."

EXT. QUIMBY COMPOUND FRONT YARD

There is a party going on on the lawn. A large banner reads "Happy 18th Birthday Freddy." A touch football game is in progress. Freddy drives into the middle of it and jumps out of the car.

Wide A
FREDDY

Gimme the ball!

A PLAYER tosses Freddy the ball. Freddy runs over to the punch bowl and **SLAMS** the football into it, **SPLASHING** everyone nearby.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

People, the punch has been spiked.

The punch-soaked people **LAUGH** uneasily and **APPLAUD** lightly.

QUIMBY

Ha, ha, ha! That's my nephew,
displaying the Quimby wit that's won
the public's heart. (LIFTING HIS
GLASS) Happy birthday, Freddy, and may
all your disgraces be private.

There is a smattering of **APPLAUSE**.

VARIOUS QUIMBYS

Here here.

Bart stealthily sneaks out of the car and immediately backs into Mayor Quimby.

QUIMBY

And who are you, little boy?

BART

I'm one of your nephews you don't see
very often. Bart-Bart.

The 103 year old MATRIARCH of the Quimby clan rides up in a
Capt. Pike style contraption a la Star Trek.

QUIMBY

I guess you know Daisy. She's probably
your grandmother or something.

Quimby exits quickly.

BART

Some party, huh?

The matriarch's light flashes once and we hear a **BEEP**.

BART (CONT'D)

So, uh, what's your favorite cartoon?

The light flashes twice, along with two **BEEPS**.

BART (CONT'D)

Roadrunner. Yeah, me too.

INT. QUIMBY MANSION - AFTERNOON

Bart is wandering around looking at all the celebrities and
socialites, including MCBAIN, KRUSTY, FAT TONY, and WIGGUM.

ON MCBAIN

Bart walks up to him.

BART

Hey McBain, I'm a big fan, but your
last movie really sucked.

MCBAIN

(SADLY) I know. There were script problems from day one.

WIGGUM

Yeah, I'll say. Magic ticket my ass, McBain.

McBain turns to face a female member of the Quimby family.

MCBAIN

Maria, my mighty heart is breaking.
I'll be in the Humvee.

INT. QUIMBY MANSION - MAIN DINING ROOM

Bart is eating lunch, still seated next to Quimby. A snooty FRENCH WAITER puts a bowl in front of Freddy.

FREDDY

Hey, what the hell ~~is this?~~

FRENCH WAITER

It's a bowl of show-dair, sir.

FREDDY

Wait a minute. Come here. What did you ^{di} call it? Say it loud enough for everyone to ^{eah} hear. Come on! Say it.

Show da

Everyone turns to look. The waiter looks embarrassed.

FRENCH WAITER

(QUIETLY) Show-dair.

Freddy LAUGHS.

FREDDY

(MOCKING) "Show-dair?" "Show-dair?"

It's "chowder." Say it right.

quit and say

chow da

FRENCH WAITER

(GRITTED TEETH) Show-der.

Freddy **LAUGHS** louder. The French waiter turns on his heel and stalks away.

FREDDY

^{ugh}
Come back here! I'm not through
demeaning you.

INT. QUIMBY MANSION - KITCHEN

Bart walks up to a six foot Rice Krispy square and starts eating it.

BART

Wow! This is the biggest Rice Krispy
square I've ever seen. Boy, the rich
sure know how to live.

Bart hears **VOICES** and hides. The French waiter stalks angrily into the kitchen followed by Freddy.

FREDDY

Say it, Frenchie! Say chowder!

FRENCH WAITER

Ne-verr!

FREDDY

Okay, you asked for it.

ANGLE ON BART

Watching wide-eyed.

FREDDY (O.S.)

I'm gonna enjoy this. (2 GRUNTS)

We hear tremendous **CRASHING** and **GROANING** of the french waiter.

*Say [unclear]
No P/S Dats Do 03*

BART

(GASPS)

ANGLE ON THE FRENCH WAITER

Bruised and battered, he tries to pick himself up from the floor, but just falls back down again and **GROANS**.

BART

(A LA JIMMY DURANTE) Ah, that's gotta
hoit!

Wiggum, Mayor Quimby, Daisy and some other guests rush in.

WIGGUM

Oh my God, the waiter's been beaten.

GUEST

I heard him arguing with Freddy over
chowder.

WIGGUM

Now, what is there to argue about?
Can't we all agree it's just a
delicious seafood bisque?

FRENCH WAITER

(TRYING TO RISE) Beesque.

He collapses.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

SCENE 7

CU - NEWSPAPER

The headline is "Quimby Nephew Charged In Beating." A sub-head reads "Chowder Said Wrong."

INT. SIMPSON HOME

MARGE is reading the paper.

MARGE

(MURMUR) It says Freddy Quimby beat a waiter half to death. Those Quimby children are so wild and rich. I hope he finally gets what's coming to him.

LISA

(LOOKING AT PAPER) There weren't any eyewitnesses. Ha! You'd think someone would have seen something at a crowded party like that.

BART

(GUILTILY) Well they didn't, okay? They didn't! It says right here in black and white, no witnesses. Case closed. Let's all read the funnies.

He grabs the paper.

BART (CONT'D)

Oh look, Charlie Brown said "Good grief." (WEAK LAUGH) I didn't see that comin'. (UNEASY LAUGH)

INT. SCHOOL BUS - LATER

Bart and Lisa sit together.

BART

Lisa, I gotta tell somebody. I was at the Quimby compound yesterday when that frog waiter got whacked. Freddy Quimby is innocent.

LISA

You're a witness? Bart, you have to tell the police.

BART

I can't.

LISA

Why?

The bus pulls to a stop in front of the school. Skinner's head appears in the window.

SKINNER

Bart Simpson, as soon as I can prove you cut school, I'm shipping you off to the Academy of Scavenging and Menial Arts.

Skinner walks off. Bart turns to Lisa.

BART

What he said.

LISA

Hm, I see your predicament, Bart.
Well, if Freddy Quimby didn't do it,
I'm sure he'll be found innocent by a
fair and impartial jury.

CUT TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE

Bart and Lisa watch as Homer reads a letter.

HOMER

(MOANS) Jury duty. I'll see that
Quimby kid hang for this.

BART

(GROANS)

LISA

(QUIETLY) I knew it was a bad idea to
watch him open the mail.

ON TV

SCENE 8

ANNOUNCER #2

Let's go over to the county courthouse
live to Kent Brockman.

We see KENT BROCKMAN in the halls of the Springfield
Courthouse.

KENT BROCKMAN

Kent Brockman, just outside the county courtroom where an argument about chowder has spilled over into the biggest trial in Springfield history. Behind these doors a Federal judge will ladle out steaming bowls of rich, creamy justice in a case the media have dubbed... "Beat Up Waiter." (MAKES A DISGUSTED FACE) This reporter suggested "Waiter Gate" but was shouted down at the press club. At any rate, this trial promises to be Mmm-Mmm good viewing. Now it's illegal to televise court proceedings in this state, (LOWERING VOICE) so we'll have to be quiet.

Brockman turns to enter the open courtroom door. It instantly **SLAMS** in his face.

INT. COURTROOM

We see Marge, Bart, Lisa and MAGGIE.

MARGE

Look, kids, there's your father. You should be proud. He's part of the judicial process.

ANGLE ON HOMER IN JURY BOX

HOMER

Hey, look, there's a dozen of us.

We're like a carton of eggs and some of
us are cracked. (LAUGHS)

No one else laughs.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SUDDENLY MISERABLE) I want to go home.

ON MAYOR QUIMBY AND FREDDY QUIMBY

MAYOR QUIMBY

Relax, Freddy. They've got the most
incompetent prosecutor in the bi-state
area.

ANGLE ON HUTZ

LIONEL HUTZ is talking to a BAILIFF.

HUTZ

(AMUSED) Look at them over there. (RE:
JURY) They look just like a carton of
eggs. (LAUGHS) I want to go home.

ANGLE ON BART

He looks over at Skinner, who is on the jury. Skinner
glares back at him.

SKINNER (V.O.)

I know you can read my thoughts, Bart.
Just a little reminder: if I find out
you cut class, your ass is mine. Yes,
you heard me. I think words I would
never say.

BART'S POV

Homer is looking at him.

HOMER (V.O.)

I know you can read my thoughts, boy.

(SINGS CIRCUS CALLIOPE MUSIC)

MONTAGE

of scenes from the trial.

A) We see a court sketch artist sketching Freddy Quimby. He signs it "Matt Groening."

B) Quimby's lawyer, a smooth, high-powered attorney, is addressing the jury.

QUIMBY'S LAWYER

I intend to prove that Freddy Quimby is totally innocent. First of all, his accuser is a very shady character.

(POINTING) Mr. LaCoste not only wasn't born in Springfield. He wasn't even born in this country!

There are **GASPS** and **MURMURS** from the audience. Several reporters run for the phones in the back of the courtroom. The Frenchman looks down in abject shame.

HUTZ

(ANGRY, TO WAITER; SOTTO) From now on, you tell me everything.

D) MOE is on the stand.

MOE

Uh, Freddy Quimby was with me the entire night in question. We were collecting canned goods for the starving people in, ah... you know, one of them loser countries.

AUDIENCE

(MURMURS) "Well that clears Freddy Quimby Completely." "He's clearly innocent." "What a sweet boy."

Mayor Quimby puts a big bag in front of Moe. The bag has a discrete dollar sign on it.

MOE

(NERVOUSLY) Oh, good. My laundry is done.

JURORS

(MURMURS) "Wow, he gets his laundry delivered." "What a clean man."

PATTY

I like the logo.

ANGLE ON BART AND LISA

SCENE 10

BART

Ya see, Lisa? They don't need my testimony.

LISA

(DERISIVE) Only because Mayor Quimby's buying his nephew's freedom.

BART

(HAPPY SIGH) The system works.

E) Hutz is addressing the courtroom.

HUTZ

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm going to prove to you not only that Freddy Quimby is guilty, but that he is also innocent of not being guilty.

(GESTURING) I refer you to my expert witness, Doctor Hibbert.

We see DR. HIBBERT is on the stand holding up a huge blow-up of a human gene.

DR. HIBBERT

Well, only one in two million people has what we call the "evil gene." Hitler had it. Walt Disney had it. And Freddy Quimby has it. (CHUCKLE)

HUTZ

Thank you, Doctor Hibbert. I rest my case.

JUDGE

(STARTLED) You rest your case?

HUTZ

What? Oh, no. I thought that was just a figure of speech. Case closed.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Moleman raises his hand to the judge.

MOLEMAN

Hans Moleman, your honor. Uh, I'd like
to bring something to the court's
attention.

We see Homer wearing glasses, his eyes open unnaturally wide. Moleman removes the glasses to reveal that the eyes are painted on the lenses, and Homer is fast asleep, his mouth drooping open.

HOMER

(ASLEEP GURGLING NOISE)

The judge **BANGS** her gavel.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(WAKING) Huh?

JUDGE

Give those glasses to the bailiff.

HOMER

Alright.

Homer hands them over, then immediately puts on another pair of half-lidded glasses.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

And those.

Homer **MOANS** and hands them to the bailiff.

ANGLE ON MARGE

MARGE

Hm, I really should close that charge
account at the novelty store.

BACK TO SCENE

QUIMBY'S LAWYER

Your honor, even though I've proven my client's innocence, I'd still like to call Freddy Quimby to the stand so that we can all bask in his gentle decency.

The audience MURMURS enthusiastically.

AUDIENCE

"He's wealthy, therefore inherently good." "He's definitely innocent."
"He has innocent looking hair."

INT. COURTROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Freddy is on the stand looking angelic.

QUIMBY'S LAWYER

Mr. Quimby, did you assault Mr. LaCoste?

FREDDY

Of ~~course~~ ^{course} not. I love each and every living thing on ~~God's~~ ^{God's} green earth.

QUIMBY'S LAWYER

Therefore, you certainly would never lose your temper over something as trivial as the pronunciation of "chowder."

Chowda to Ann
Freddie
FREDDY

That's chowda. Chowda! I'll kill you.

I'll kill all of you - especially those
of you in the jury.

The audience MURMURS.

JURORS

"This changes everything. " "Freddy's
clearly guilty." "His hair is a dead
giveaway."

QUIMBY'S LAWYER

(DEPRESSED) Wow, that didn't go well.
The defense rests.

JUDGE

Will the jury retire and come to its
decision?

The jury files out.

HELEN LOVEJOY

(TO FLANDERS) This won't take long.
He's clearly guilty... we'll probably
be home by dinner time.

JASPER

I hope so. Tonight the dog from "Empty
Nest" is going to ride the dolphin on
"Sea Quest".

ANGLE ON BART AND LISA

SCENE 12

LISA

Well Bart, because of you, a horrible,
yet innocent person is going to jail.

BART

(GROAN) Maybe I should come forward.

SKINNER

(TO OTHER JURORS) I can't wait till the
sentencing part. That's where I really
shine.

BART'S FANTASY

Skinner's clothing is transformed into judge's robes. His
arm points accusingly at Bart.

SKINNER

Bart Simpson, for the heinous crime of
hooky, I sentence you to a lifetime of
hard labor in the cafeteria.

We see Bart dressed as a cafeteria lunchlady, with his
hair in a bun, smoking a cigarette, addressing a line of
backward-looking BOYS.

LUNCHLADY BART

More creamed corn, Jimbo Junior?

JIMBO JUNIOR

This creamed corn tastes like creamed
crap.

LUNCHLADY BART

Watch the potty mouth, honey.

BACK TO SCENE

Bart **SHUDDERS** and snaps out of his fantasy to see the judge glaring down at him.

JUDGE

Your sister says you have something to tell me.

BART

What? Uh, um, yeah. I just want to say how great it is to finally see some chicks on the bench. Keep up the good work, toots.

Bart walks off. The judge glares at Lisa who gives a cheesy smile.

JUDGE

Hm.

LISA

(WEAK LAUGH) Chicks on the bench... (WEAK LAUGH)

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. JURY ROOM

Flanders begins passing around little slips of paper. Homer is looking alternately at a sheet of paper and a hotel brochure.

JASPER

Why bother voting? He's guilty.

FLANDERS

We might as well make it official.

HOMER

What does sequestered mean?

SKINNER

If the jury is deadlocked, they're put up in a hotel together so they can't communicate with the outside world.

HOMER

What does deadlocked mean?

SKINNER

It's when the jury can't agree on a verdict.

HOMER

Uh-huh. And "if"?

SKINNER

A conjunction meaning "in the event that" or "on condition that."

HOMER

So "if" we don't all vote the same way,
we'll be "deadlocked" and have to be
"sequestered" in the Springfield Palace
Hotel.

PATTY

That's not gonna happen, Homer.

JASPER

Let's vote. My liver is failing.

Homer pages through the brochure with growing excitement.

HOMER

Where we'll get... a free room, free
food, free swimming pool, free HBO -
Oooh, "Free Willy!"

SKINNER

Justice is not a frivolous thing,
Simpson. It has little, if anything,
to do with a disobedient whale. Now
let's vote.

Everyone writes their votes down on pieces of paper and
passes them to Flanders.

HOMER

Uh, how are the rest of you voting?

EVERYONE

Guilty.

HOMER

Okay, fine.

He starts to scribble something on his piece of paper.

HOMER (CONT'D)

How many "s"'s in "innocent"?

Everyone looks at Homer. The jurors **MOAN**.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SOMBERLY) I'm only doing what I think
is right. I truly believe he is free
hotel.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD PALACE HOTEL - ESTABLISHING SCENE 14

INT. HOTEL - HOMER & SKINNER'S ROOM

Homer is surrounded by food, talking on the phone to Marge.
Skinner, in an apron, is tidying up with a feather duster.

HOMER

(MOUTH FULL) I miss you too, Marge.

But the law needs me. I'll be home as
soon as I can.

He hangs up, then **DIALS** room service.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Room service? Send up two pot roasts
and a diet coke.

He hangs up. Skinner walks over with an umbrella and
spears Homer's discarded cigar a la Tony Randall.

SKINNER

You know, heh-heh, we're kind of like
the original "Odd Couple." You're the
messy one and I'm...

HOMER

(MOUTH FULL) Shut up.

SKINNER

Oh yes, very well.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE

Bart is chewing joylessly on a candy bar and watching TV. He looks glum. Lisa walks up to him.

LISA

So Bart, have your insides been gnawed away yet?

BART

Nah, it's just a Butterfinger.

LISA

I'm talking about guilt, Bart. The kind of guilt that wraps around your very soul and squeezes until there's nothing left but a tiny kernel of despair.

BART

Sell it to Hallmark, sis. You're looking at cucumber boy. As in "cool as a."

Lisa walks off. From the TV, we hear the following.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Next on McGarnigal - McGarnigal is framed for a crime he didn't commit. And only one witness can clear his name - a little sissy boy who's too scared to come forward.

ON TV

We see a TOUGH COP talking to a scared LITTLE BOY.

MCGARNIGAL

You gotta tell 'em what you saw, Billy.

BILLY

But I'm so scared, McGarnigal.

MCGARNIGAL

You gotta do this one for me, Billy.

McGarnigal.

BILLY

Okay. For you. McGarnigal.

We see McGarnigal in the CHIEF'S office.

CHIEF

(DISGUSTED) Well, McGarnigal, Billy is
dead. They slit his throat from ear to
ear.

McGarnigal has a really big sandwich.

MCGARNIGAL

Hey, I'm trying to eat lunch here!

INT. HOTEL - HOMER'S ROOM - NIGHT

SCENE 15

The light is out. Moonlight shines down on Skinner's
twisted face. He's having a nightmare.

SKINNER

(AD LIB INDECIPHERABLE MUMBLING) Watch
out, lieutenant! Here come the V.C.!
And they're being led by -- (GASP)
Mother! Open fire, men! (MACHINE GUN
SOUNDS)

We see Homer is sitting up in bed, watching Skinner intently like he's a movie and eating popcorn.

HOMER

(ROOTING) C'mon, Skinner! Get 'er!

Get 'er!

MONTAGE

SCENE 16

of Homer living it up at the hotel

A) Homer **GULPING** down food at the buffet, elbowing other people out of the way.

HOMER

Excuse me, excuse me.

B) Homer sitting at the edge of the bed, crying as he watches a movie.

HOMER

(CHOKED UP) Jump, Free Willy, jump!

Jump with all your might!

We hear **TRIUMPHANT MUSIC**, a nasty **SPLAT**, and a whale **GROAN**.

BOY (O.S.)

He didn't make it.

MAN (O.S.)

He ain't movin'. He's dead.

HOMER

(MOAN) I don't like this new
director's cut.

C) Homer laying on his stomach getting a massage.

MASSEUR

Turn over, please.

Homer turns over. His mouth is bulging and his entire body is smeared with food. Pizza, fried eggs, etc.

MASSEUR (CONT'D)

(DISGUSTED) Yuh!

INT. HOTEL - HOMER'S ROOM

Homer's side of the room is almost bare. A small chair is sticking out of Homer's suitcase. Homer is lowering an end table out of the window by a rope. Skinner watches disapprovingly.

HOMER

Got it, Barn?

BARNEY (O.S.)

Got what?

We hear an off screen **CRASH**.

BARNEY

Ow!

SKINNER

You're stealing a table?

HOMER

I'm not stealing it. Hotels expect you to take a few things. It's a souvenir.

SKINNER

Is that my necktie you're wearing?

HOMER

Souvenir.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE

Bart is watching TV. He looks dismal.

ON TV

Kent Brockman is holding up the results of a recent poll.

KENT BROCKMAN

This is day three of the "Beat Up Waiter" jury deliberations. No word yet, but our latest tracking poll shows 85% of respondents say Freddy Quimby will be found guilty. 12% say he will be found innocent. And the remaining 3% asked if I wore a toupee. Well, let's put that one to bed once and for all. Marty, come over here. Give her a good tug.

MARTY comes over and instantly pulls off the toupee, leaving only side hair.

KENT BROCKMAN (CONT'D)

Oh, I told you not to pull there. What the hell was rehearsal for?

Bart **SIGHS** and turns to Marge, who is on the couch.

BART

What if there's a really bad, crummy guy who's going to jail, but I know he's innocent?

MARGE

Well, Bart, your Uncle Arthur used to have a saying, "Shoot 'em all and let God sort 'em out." Unfortunately, one day he put his theory into practice. It took seventy-five Federal marshals to bring him down. Now, let's never speak of him again.

Marge begins HUMMING and dusting.

BART

Mom, Mom, Mom!

MARGE

Hmm?

BART

What if I can get this guy off the hook. Should I do it?

MARGE

Honey, you should listen to your heart, and not the voices in your head, like a certain uncle did one grey December morn.

Marge exits, HUMMING.

BART

All right, listen to my heart... listen to my heart.

Suddenly, Bart grabs his stomach in pain.

BART (CONT'D)

(MOANS) Lisa's right. My insides are being gnawed out. I have to testify and tell them what I saw.

Bart crawls off.

ON TV

KENT BROCKMAN

And this just in - a shipment of counterfeit Mexican Butterfingers has made it to Springfield. If the bars are eaten, the symptoms include a sensation not unlike having your insides gnawed out by guilt. Don't lay a finger on 'em!

INT. COURTROOM

Lisa and Bart are with the judge.

JUDGE

Even though reopening a trial at this point is illegal and grossly unconstitutional, I just can't say no to kids.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

The trial has resumed. Bart is on the stand.

BART

I was hiding in the kitchen when it all happened...

FLASHBACK - BART'S STORY

We see Freddy walking menacingly toward the French waiter.

FREDDY

Say it, Frenchie! Say ^{quel}chowder!

^{cluck}
FRENCH WAITER

Ne-verr!

FREDDY

Okay, you asked ~~for~~ it. I'm gonna
enjoy this. ^{FARIT}

He grabs a bottle of champagne and **GRUNTS** twice, pulling the cork out. He walks out.

ANGLE ON THE FRENCH WAITER

The waiter smirks and turns to go. He slips on some Rice Krispies Bart dropped and begins sliding wildly around the kitchen. He **BANGS** into a bunch of pots and pans with his head, gets one hand caught in an industrial toaster, his other hand caught in an egg beater, and his head stuck in an oven. He pulls himself free only to fall into a room labeled "Rat traps." There are several hundred **SNAPS**. He comes running out covered with traps and runs into a huge stack of glassware which **CRASHES** on him. He falls to the floor. After a pause his arms and legs suddenly **SNAP** and point in weird directions.

BACK TO SCENE

BART

(SINCERELY) And that's what really
happened.

FRENCH WAITER

I keel you! I am not a clumsy
Clouseau-esque waiter. I will...

The waiter stands, trips over a court rail, **SCENE 18 CONT'D** staggers forward and falls out the window. We hear familiar multiple **SNAPPING** sounds.

FRENCH WAITER (O.S.)

A truck full of rat traps. What are the odds?

HUTZ

But how could you have seen all this, Bart? Weren't you supposed to be in school?

BART

(DEEP BREATH) I sorta skipped school.

Skinner has to be restrained from climbing out of the jury box.

SKINNER

I knew it! I knew you'd slip up sooner or later, Simpson.

APU

What slip up? What are you talking about? He confessed it.

SKINNER

Quiet. I need this.

JUDGE

This court finds Freddy Quimby innocent of all charges. Case dismissed.

Everyone in the courtroom **CHEERS**.

EXT. COURTHOUSE

SCENE 19

Skinner walks up to Bart.

SKINNER

Bart, I'm impressed with what you did in there. You testified for the Quimby boy even though it was putting your own head in a noose. On the other hand, you skipped school.

BART

I guess the two things cancel each other out, huh?

SKINNER

(DEEP BREATH) I'm a small man in some ways, Bart. A small, petty man. 3 months detention.

We see the french waiter taking off the last rat trap. After a beat, Freddy runs out the door and jumps on the waiter and begins beating the crap out of him.

quit shit FREDDY
Say chowda, ya bastid! Say chowda.
Hey! *ow!* Stop it. Stop hitting me.
I'm influential. *French Man*

Policemen empty out of the building, grab the Quimby kid, handcuff him and drag him back in the courthouse, whacking him with nightsticks.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

Homer and Marge are in bed. The bedroom now looks exactly like a hotel room.

HOMER

Well, Marge, it was horrible. Everyone was against me in that jury room. But I stood by the courage of my convictions and I prevailed. And that's why we had Chinese food for lunch.

MARGE

Good for you, Homey. You know, a lot of things happened around here while you were gone.

HOMER

Great, Marge. I want to hear all about it.

He puts on his spectacles and lies back in bed.

FADE TO BLACK:

HOMER

Heh, heh, heh.

MARGE

Give me those.

We hear a **CRUSHING** sound.

HOMER

(DISAPPOINTED MOAN) My boredom specs.

END OF ACT THREE